PS
1123
.B25M5
1897
P

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. PS1123 Copyright No.
Shelf B25M5
1897
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

# MOSAICS, LYRICS, AND SELECTIONS

FROM THE POEMS OF

## MARCUS FAYETTE BRIDGMAN.

# Mosaics and Lyrics

TOGETHER WITH

SELECTIONS FROM

MOSSES
UNDER THE PINE
SEAWEED
TALES AT THE MANSE

BY

MARCUS FAYETTE BRIDGMAN

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS COPYRIGHT NOV 14 1896 CITY OF WASHINGTON

55775-B-21

Boston, Mass.
FRED S. COLLINS
20 Brattle St.
1897

1896
2

PS1105
B25M5
1897

Copyright, 1896, by Fred S. Collins.

E. E. Fishley Press, Boston.

To F. S. C.

I look across the years

which separate us,

and October sends a greeting to June.

## CONTENTS.

### Mosaics and Lyrics.


| | PAGE. |
|---|---|
| *Psyche and Death* | 11 |
| *On a Lock of Hair* | 14 |
| *Lament for the Burial of Love* | 15 |
| *Love and War* | 16 |
| *The Song* | 17 |
| *The Portrait* | 18 |
| *The Rose of Agelthorn* | 19 |
| *Westward* | 21 |
| *In That Land* | 22 |
| *A Lay of Autumn* | 23 |
| *Stanzes* | 25 |

PAGE.

*Rose of Summer* . . . . . 27
*We Stood in the Wain of a Dying Day* . 28
*At Thy Portals—A Sapphic Ode* . . 29
*The Wind was Dead in the Forest* . . 30
*The Lily and the Rose* . . . 31
*Waiting—An Alcaic Ode* . . . 32
*The Cold Heart* . . . . . 33
*At Last* . . . . . 34

SELECTIONS FROM MOSSES.

*In the Lap of Earth* . . . . 35
*On Looking at the Portrait of Burns* . 38
*Under the Willow* . . . . 41
*One Eve* . . . . . 44

SELECTIONS FROM UNDER THE PINE.

*Agnes* . . . . . 46
*A Revery* . . . . . 50

SELECTIONS FROM SEAWEED.

*Toward the Bourne* . . . . 51
*Adeline* . . . . . 53
*After the Wreck* . . . . . 55
*The Two Ways* . . . . . 57

SELECTIONS FROM TALES AT THE MANSE.

*The Miller's Daughter* . . . 58

Probably there is never any quite new literary method. Certainly the greatest writers were not creators of the form or forms they adopted: Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare, Racine, Goethe, Hugo. But after all, these things matter little. The "form," be it what it may, is open to all. Our concern should be, not with the accident of formal similitude, but with the living and convincing reality behind the form.

WILLIAM SHARP.

## PSYCHE AND DEATH.

PSYCHE.

LONG have we journeyed, and behind us now
In the dim distance stretches all the way,
Before us are the shadows deep as night.

DEATH.

We shall be in the realm of shadows soon.

PSYCHE.

And is there any day?

DEATH.

No day is there.
There nothing stirs. Thou shalt lie down and sleep.

PSYCHE.

A gloomy realm, methinks.

DEATH.

And dost thou think
It is so gloomy to lie down and sleep?

PSYCHE.

I fain would some remembrance hold of what
Has been.

DEATH.

Thou wilt have no remembrance of the Past,
No memory of past joys, nor any thought
Of sorrow. There all sorrow and all joy,
In that still place, will be forgotten.

PSYCHE.

Fain
Of sorrow some remembrance I would have,
Than lose all memory of the joys that were.

DEATH.

There is in the remembrance of all joy
A sadness.

PSYCHE.

Once I had a friend on whom
I doated. Now, whene'er I think of him
I'm melancholy at the thought of that
Rare friendship nipt by ruthless fate.

DEATH.

Thy youth
Was fairy-land, wherein grew many a flower
And all sweet smelling herbs. You think, alas,
It ever is so far away. Would you
Recall life's bitterness? Enough that once
You've drunk its bitter waters.

PSYCHE.

But to have
All memory quite razed out and thought itself,
Were blank oblivion.

DEATH.

What matters it?
You have no pleasure and you have no pain.

PSYCHE.

O silent, gloomy night, without a star!
And on that night when will the morning dawn?

DEATH.

The sepulchre forever bounds my ken.
I see no further than its dead dark wall.
If thou hast faith—

PSYCHE.

Yes, faith, that looks beyond the dead dark wall.
Beyond it breaks the morning light. There is
No night. Thy kingdom shall be given up,
And there be no more death.

DEATH.

And is thy faith so strong?

PSYCHE.

But the day darkens and the air grows still.

DEATH.

Now are we on the confines of the world.
The sleepy shadows beckon. Let us go.

## ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

Only this lock of hair,
And Death has claimed the rest,
The graceful form, the features that were fair,
Only Remembrance, and this lock of hair,
Left now of that rare life which was so brief.
The years will bring the spring, the yellow sheaf,
But nevermore the last year's wither'd leaf.

Not yet the perfume goes
Of the dead summer rose,
And all that once was fair
Yet lingers in this lock of hair,
And will, in each frail thread,
Till late from my chill'd sense,
Fades the dim world, and Memory's self is dead.

## LAMENT FOR THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

He was so fair,
He walked the world so debonaire.
To-day are closed his eyes,
He does not stir, he has no warmth,
Where he lies.
Let o'er him grow,
Each season yet to be,
The rarest flowers that blow,
For Love is dead,
Low is lying, and the earth his bed.

O, often youths and maidens here
Will come for many a year,
Henceforth so often they
Will sorrowing say,
"Now all the world has colder grown,
Since he is dead, and Hope itself has flown."

## LOVE AND WAR.

Back from the alarms of war I come,
And seek no more a warrior's name,
I come again to love and home,
And reck no more, no more of fame.

For what is Fame but fleeting breath?
To martial fields I bid adieu,
I lay my laurels at your feet,
And come at last to home and you.

## THE SONG.

Yet in these quiet hours
Your tones I seem to hear,
And one rare song you sung,
'Twas when the leaves were sere.

A short and simple lay,
A song of reaping-time,
Of still October days,
And the year's vanish'd prime.

I well recall the words,
Which had a sad refrain,
While in the field below
The reapers reaped the grain.

So in these quiet hours
Your tones I seem to hear,
And one rare song you sung,
'Twas when the leaves were sere.

## THE PORTRAIT.

The countenance is fair,
And lives upon the canvas here,
A face untoucht by care.
The lips are mute, but eloquent
To Fancy's ear,
The soft eyes telling me a tale of Love
In some forgotten year.
O vision of an unknown time,
Which art so near and yet so far away,
Linking the Past forever with To-Day,
Fain would I divine
In this still face of thine,
A life from sorrow free,
A quiet current flowing to the sea.
And yet in musing mood I ask,
If any supreme grief darken'd thy soul,
Making the whole world drear?
I cannot tell. I only know that here
I see the light which beamed from this still face,
In some forgotten year.

## THE ROSE OF AGELTHORN.

A soft flush warmed the western sky,
A low wind in the pine was sighing,
('Twas in the summer, but long ago,)
And a robin sung in the locust-tree,
When a day was dying.

Fair were the flowers in the garden-plot,
That drank the freshest dew at morn,
And rare the rose and the tulip-beds,
But rarer than the rarest flower,
Was the Rose of Agelthorn.

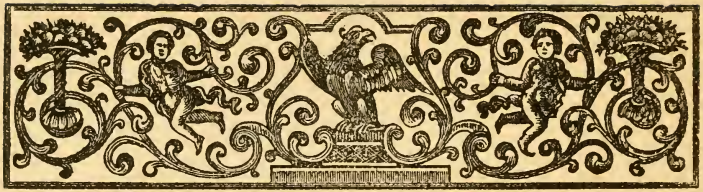
"The days," she said, "and the months creep by,
But weary now are the hours to me,
Will he return when the year will go?
Yet far away is the Orient,
And treacherous the sea."

The days creep by and the months return,
The ivy climbs o'er the vacant door,
At morn and eve the robin sings
In the locust tree, and the low wind sighs
In the pine evermore.

Alone she sits in her room at eve,
Alone at noontide and at morn,
And the sad days go and the months creep by,
But a footstep never crosses again
The threshold of Agelthorn.

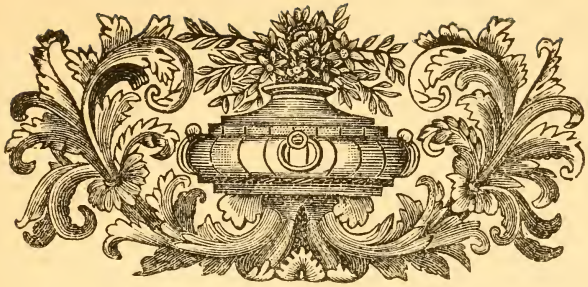
## WESTWARD.

The road runs where it run of old,
And here we walk to-day
Again the narrow way,
Beyond us is the wold.
The soft light wanes,
But glow our cottage window-panes
Against the sunset sky,
While warm the fields below us lie.
And backward here we look
From this still spot
To one hour we have not forgot,
Since hand in hand we walk'd
In sunshine and in stormy weather,
The self-same path together.
Not yet has chill'd our love the rime
Of frosty years, of change and time.
If on our journey lies
The light of cooler western skies,
And the way the shorter grows,
Each season blooms for us the rose.
So let the swift years glide,
But Faith and Love abide,
Till the last wave is spent of Life's last tide.



## IN THAT LAND.

Far over the sea in the west
Is the Beautiful Land,
By softest breezes fanned,
And perfumed by odorous flowers,
A land of all lands,
Where always the fleeting hours
In the hour-glass are golden sands,
And evermore there
Are banished sorrow and care.
There the soul recovers its youth,
Its virtue and truth,
And reversed are the errors of Time,
In that far off clime.
There blinded Faith is sight,
And gropes no longer the ways of night,
And the thing that is, is the thing that should be,
In that Beautiful Land,
Far over the sea.



## A LAY OF AUTUMN.

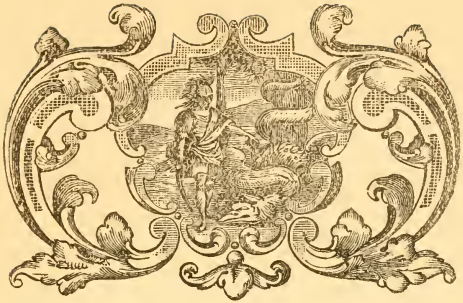
A MELLOW light sleeps in the leafless woods,
And all the vale is filled with golden haze,
From lowland and from upland comes no sound
That stirred erewhile the pulse of summer days.

And there the long reach of the river looks
Below me like a stream of molten gold,
And from the sleepy sky the autumn sun
Illumes the hedge-rows and the distant wold.

The harvesters have sung their harvest song,
And to its garner brought the ripen'd grain,
Bare in the silence are the vacant farms,
And stands within the yard the empty wain.

Sitting beside the casement of my room,
I musing think that summer yet will come,
The genial breath of spring at length restore
To deadened fields the life that now is dumb.

But overflows the gladdened heart of man,
Whose faith in nature's promise still is clear,
The seed-time and the harvest shall not fail,
Through all the changes of the changeful year.



## STANZAS.

### I.

The rose is red
On a rich, rank sward,
For the red rose blooms
In the still church-yard.

A lily I see
By the rare red rose,
And the lily pale
On a green grave grows!

Ah, and the ivy gleams
In the church-yard lone,
Alas, for the ivy-vine,
And a low white stone!

II.

Gray, gray, was the sky,
And over the dreary lea
Blew the wind from the sad salt sea.

Vain, vain, were the tears,
When a hope that had lingered yet,
At length, in a gray dawn set.

III.

Hence they brought him dead,
From a field so red.
They dropt no tear
Upon the soldier's bier,
When they bore him from the strife,
Saying, "Death was more than Life,
Since he battled for a noble cause,
For the rights of men and juster laws."

So they laid him to his rest,
With his sword upon his breast,
The hero in his spotless fame,
The warrior with a deathless name.

## ROSE OF SUMMER.

Rose, rose,
From your sleep awakened,
And the clear dew drinking,
In the bare morn blushing.

Rose, rose,
With your rich, rare perfume
All the sweet air scenting,
In the glare noon glowing.

Rose, rose,
Like a still, soft sunset
O'er a fair sky flushing,
In a dead day dying!

## WE STOOD IN THE WANE OF A DYING DAY.

Deep down in a dell
Where a low wind crept,
We stood in the grass
As the warm day waned—
Then we said, "Our love,
Returns nevermore!
And the last year's rose
Again blooms not."

Deep down in a dell
Where a slow stream stole,
I stood in the light
Of a star lit eve—
"Alas! Love returns
Nevermore!" I said,
"And the last year's rose
Again blooms not."

## AT THY PORTALS.

A SAPPHIC ODE.

Hither, O Tomb, wendeth the long procession,
Youth, and bent Age, Manhood, your mansions seeking,
Where in thy chill shadow the quiet sleepers
Reck not of sorrow.

Here forevermore they lay down Life's burden,
Here they sleep so well in your voiceless stillness,
Over whose oblivious threshold never
Breaks the world's tumult.

Here are hearts so cold, and is Passion perish'd,
Greatness lies so low, and but dust Earth's glory:
Here is Fame's voice never an echo waking,
Hush'd in thy silence.

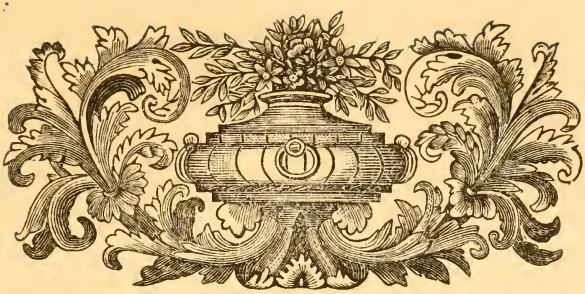
What, O Tomb, though over thee breaks no morning,
What if Life's waves break nevermore your slumber?
Hope your dark door arches, and Love forever
Sits at thy portals.

## THE WIND WAS DEAD IN THE FOREST.

The wind was dead in the forest,
Was dead on the upland and lea,
The thistle droop'd in the sunshine,
Was silent the voice of the streamlet,
And the noise of the mill.

The willows were warm in the lowland,
The leaves of the aspen were still,
Nor stirr'd the shade in the noonday,
Was hush'd in the quiet woodland
The song of the thrush.

The sound of the shrill cicada
Was heard on the upland and lea,
But deep in the drowsy forest,
Where he sat a-dreaming alone,
Awoke not the owl.

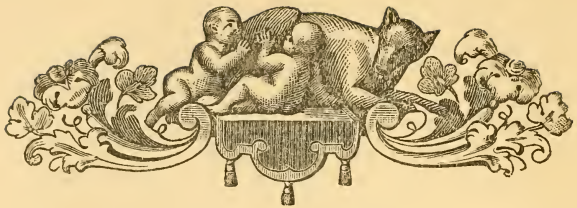


## THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

They stand beside the garden gate,
So soft the breeze that o'er them blows—
She plucks a lily newly blown,
And he a rose.

"And surely these," at length, they said,
"Far more than words our love disclose"—
He quietly the lily took,
And she the rose.

Fit emblems of their fickle love
That went before the summer's close—
The lily faded at the eve,
At dawn the rose.



## WAITING.

AN ALCAIC ODE.

To-night afar lies one by the cypress tree;
Beneath the warm, strange skies of the Orient,
At rest forever in the silence,
Quietly under the greensward sleeping.

In yonder vale one watches at eventide
For him who comes not but in her revery,
And still in dreams she hears so often
Footsteps that cross not the silent threshold.

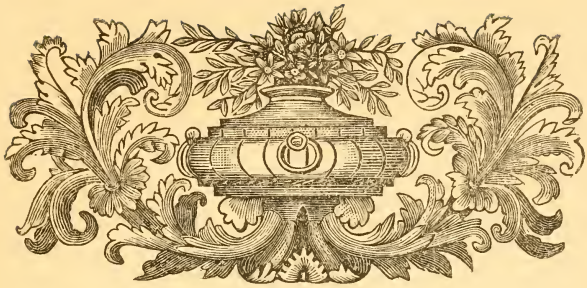
O weary months to one in her loneliness,
That waits for him who sleeps in the cypress-shade!
While "Nevermore" the pine is sighing,
Sighing the cypress "Forever," "Never!"

## THE COLD HEART.

The poppy blossoms in the garden-plot
Of Langley Place, but now the flower-beds there
Are chok'd by weeds, and rank the nettle grows
Beside the garden wall. Still is the house
Behind the untrim'd shubbery, and rank
Neglected vines o'erun the silent porch.
One inmate has the mansion, Ellen Clare,
Who hides her life within its solitude,
Where all days are as one from year to year.
I knew him Edward Gray, a likely lad,
Who often came to Langley Place in years
Agone. And when he asked her hand one day,
She said, "When flies the swallow from the South,
Another year, perchance." So Edward toiled
The summer through, in old Hugh Carter's fields.
The summer went, the autumn months, at length,
And when the swallow from the South had come,
Again he asked her hand. Again she said,
"Another year. The swallow soon will go."
And fate, that moment, sealed the heartless words,
For Ellen, to this day, was never wed,
But in the lonely rooms of Langley Place
Has lived, and sometimes reads her old love letters.

## AT LAST.

Long since, it went, the flush from all the landscape,
And with it went the long, bright days of summer.
At this calm evening, in the sere October,
Clear glows the sun along the western hillside,
And on the streamlet, in the silent meadow,
Sleeps the soft sunshine of the golden sunset.
Bare are the trees, in yonder copse of maples,
That stand midway the slope below the woodland,
Through which the pleasant autumn sun is shining,
And in the copse, about a lonely headstone,
Are thickly strown the scarlet leaves and yellow.



## IN THE LAP OF EARTH.

Hard by the dusty highway of the village,
The ancient wall secludes the still inclosure,
A peaceful plot of earth, the village church-yard.

Not far from the well-worn road.

And near it stands the ancient church whose windows
On one side from the high and narrow casements,
Look silent o'er it with their panes so sombre.

Near it the rustic fane

Rank grows the grass beneath its solemn shadow,
So dense and wild on that dark soil the greenery,
And rank the elder by the gloomy gateway.

Luxuriant is the greenery there.

Across the wall luxuriant creeps the bramble,
And there the bramble. And groups of children in the pleasant weather
Will often come to pluck its o'er-ripe berries.

About the place can be seen an evergreen, And there you'll see the red fruit of the eglantine,
And here and there a sad, low shrub of hemlock,
A stunted fir, a scarlet-colored sumac.

Sometimes a willow or a scattered aspen,
A willow or an aspen. A rosebush there which early blooms in summer,
On some low mound the green leaves of the ivy.

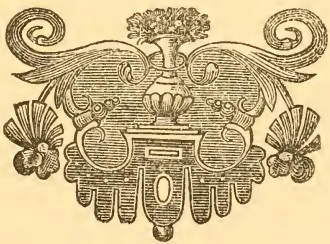
Many an early and later flower. There oft you'll see the white flowers of the bindweed,
And every May the violet or the bellwort,
In later months the aster and the cinquefoil.

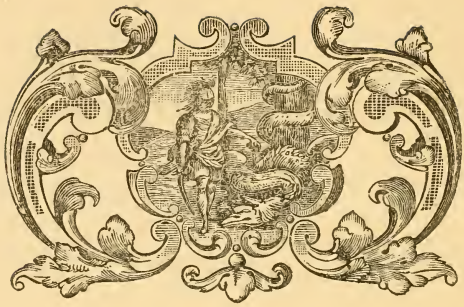
In autumn the leaves of the grape-vine in the birches and locust. The leaves yet glowing on the wrinkled grapevine,
In the bare birches and the leafless locust,
Or by the fence a lingering goldenrod.

Soft is the twilight there. The shades of night upon the grass are falling,
Where yet a woman lingers in the twilight,
And through the plaintive silence steal these accents:

"Green is their turf, so green, who here are sleeping!
The hillock long be green where weeps the willow,
And twine the ivy round this quiet headstone.

Here oft be seen the king-cup and the daisy,
And ever on this spot the year's first violet,
In every coming autumn late the aster."





## ON LOOKING AT THE PORTRAIT OF BURNS.

It flows, and blooms, and waves.

In fancy winds the Doon and blooms the heather,
Still waves on Coila's sunny rigs the thistle,
And caller gowans deck the field each season.

The aspects of nature familiar to him, are pictured to the imagination.

There Spring its soft flush brings to all the landscape,
Looks fair on bonnie braes the skies of Summer,
And golden Autumn shines on fell and dingle.

Oft as these scenes return,

Oft as the light of morning gilds the upland,
Or in the shaw the Doon at mid-day lingers,
Or nightly sleeps the moon upon its bosom,

Oft as are heard in mellow days the voices
Of cantie harvesters within the ryefield,
Or talk of reapers in the bearded barley,

The reapers and the harvest.

Or lads and lassies gather at the hamlet,
In moonlight dance upon the leesome greensward,
Or in the gloamin chat beneath the hawthorn,

The moonlight dance, the chat beneath the hawthorn.

Or often as the cotter sits at even
With ruddy face before the glowing hearthstane,
And near, with quiet air, the gentle guidwife,

The cotter sitting by the fire, the guidwife hard by.

Or caddies clatter idly at the alehouse,
Or household tale is told by winter fireside,
Or carlin croons her song beside the chimlie,

Or caddies clattering at the hamlet, or fireside talk, or carlin crooning her song,

So long shall there each rural scene and pleasure,
Lang Syne to every Scot so oft reviving,
Recall the name of Scotia's rustic poet!

So long Lang Syne shall return

So fresh his memory shall be kept forever
By every breeze that whispers in the brachen,
Or curls the grass beside each Scottish burnie,

So fresh shall be kept the memory of Scotia's poet.

By every breeze that rustles the barley.

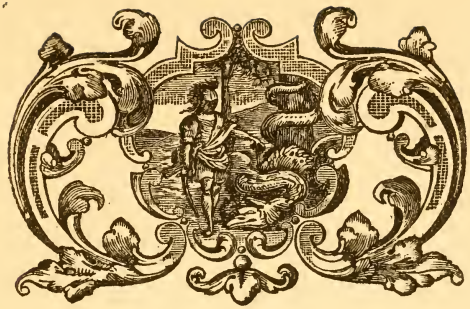
By every wind that sways the summer thistle,
Or stirs the heather on the lonely moorlan,
Or gently rustles in the bearded barley,

So fresh his memory shall be kept in cottage and hamlet.

By every lad and lassie at the clachan,
In every dance upon the leesome greensward,
In every cottage by the lighted ingle!

---

BONNIE, beautiful.
BRACHEN, ferns.
BRAE, a bank, a declivity.
BURN, BURNIE, water, a rivulet.
CALLER, fresh.
CANTIE, cheerful, merry.
CLACHAN, a small hamlet.
CLATTER, to tell little, idle stories.
COILA, a district of Ayrshire.
COTTER, the inhabitant of a cottage.
CARLIN, a stout old woman.
CHIMLIE, a fireplace.
CADDIE, a young fellow.
DINGLE, a dale.
FELL, a level field on the side or top of a hill.
GOWANS, daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, etc.
GLOAMIN, the twilight.
GUIDWIFE, the mistress of a house.
HEARTHSTANE, the hearthstone.
HEATHER, the heath.
INGLE, a fireplace.
LASSIE, a young woman,—a girl—applied particularly to a country girl.
LEESOME, pleasant.
RIG, a ridge.
SHAW, a small wood.



## UNDER THE WILLOW.

A RUSTIC fence upon the slope,
Not far beyond the orchard trees,
Surrounds a plot of freshest sward,
A hillock mar'k by two white stones.

On the rich soil the clover blooms,
So green is there the eglantine,
A willow by a headstone droops,
And moss half hides the simple name.

In Elmer's field the mowers swing
Their scythes below in rhythmic time,
And through the orchard comes the talk
Of laborers in the curling corn.

Leans one against the fence hard by
The peaceful spot and headstone pale,
As gently stirs the summer breeze
The willow-tree and eglantine.

To-day the bramble bush is rank,
Its ripe fruit glowing through the leaves,
And nodding near the wooden gate,
It shifts its shadow on the wall.

"'Twas here we walkt one quiet eve
The path beyond the ash," he said,
"And lingers over Wayland's wood
In fancy still the sinking sun,

When friendships we recall'd so oft,
Which then were dead with buried years,
And fortune's fickle change — but oft
What ruthless Death from Time had won."

And swing with rhythmic strokes their scythes
The mowers in the sultry field,
While through the orchard comes the talk
Of laborers in the curling corn.

And swings the bramble in the wind,
Its ripe fruit glowing through the leaves,
As nodding by the wooden gate,
It shifts its shadow on the wall.

The sunlight sleeps upon the grass,
The soft breeze steals along the slope,
The willow rustles by the mound,
And o'er it rocks the eglantine!

## ONE EVE.

Well, here, at even, o'er the gate I'm leaning,
By the still way that leads to yonder village,
Whose panes against the western sky are gleaming.

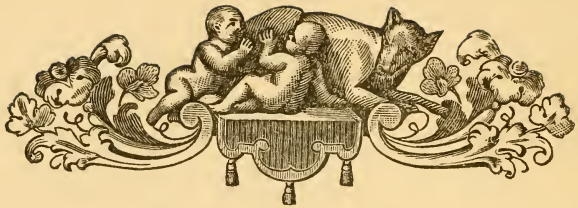
And from the Past one far-off eve is shining,
So warm in fancy is a vanished sunset,
When all the air was genial with the spring-time:

When the light breeze of evening wooed your tresses,
And heavy was the air with orchard perfume,
With odors of the lilacs and the pear-trees:

When half in shadow lay the vale beyond us,
And half the elms below were toucht with sunshine,
While at our feet the shallow streamlet lingered:

When long we talked of the bright days of summer,
Which soon would bring the field-sparrow to the upland
At length the wood-thrush to the silent forest.

And here, at even, o'er the gate I'm leaning,
While now, I think, so softly sleep the shadows
On one pale stone among the quiet willows!



## AGNES.

A GRANDAME, seated in her easy chair,
Rehearsed the legends strange one Hallowe'en.

'Twas by an altar, in an ancient church,
At Michaelmas, a maiden prayed for death —
And this the prayer she prayed so earnestly,
Low-kneeling there before the crucifix:
"O Son of Mary, who art pitiful!
The freshness and the greenness of my life
Is gone — and oft my breath is but a sigh.
I am as one who sits in cheerless days
Above the dead, dry mould of summer fields,
And hears the mournful autumn sigh, or hears
The bleak winds wildly wail in all the woods

Of spring. So dreary and so joyless seem,
Alas, all days to me, from morn to eve,
At length this boon I ask — that I may taste
The sweetness and the blessedness of death."

The hoar frost came, then went the wintry days,
And warmer breezes stir the maple leaf,
The bramble-berry ripens by the wall.

Late is the hour, and scarce the wandering wind
Disturbs the hush of yonder lonely spot,
When underneath the silent summer moon,
She with a lover in the church-yard walks.
Why seek the two the church-yard lone and still,
Or there rewalk the grass-grown path so oft,
Where headstones glisten in the moonlight pale?
Below the quiet moon they tell their love,
And plight their troth beneath the cypress tree!
And so All-Hallows' soon should make them one,
The two be wed within the ancient church,
That stood with ivied walls and tower thereby,
Where once the maiden knelt, at Michaelmas,
And prayed before the crucifix for death.

All-Hallow night; for months have come and gone.
Dim burn the lights within the ancient church,
While in the west the waning moon is wan.
So dense the throng, that scarcely there is seen
The haggard sexton's form, whose grave hard by,
Within the shadow of the gloomy fir,
To-night is green — or hers, the withered belle,
Who died so long ago, or that frail form
Which so sepulchral looks amid the crowd,
On whom in autumn late the aster blows
Each year — or hers, with face so blanch'd, who pass'd
One summer morn from earth, and yonder stands
Before the picture of the risen Christ —
Or hers, the maiden by a lighted shrine,
Whose eyes on yon Madonna oft are bent,
Who faded like a rare and fragile flower
One far-off June — or scarce is noticed hers,
On earth a castaway, who gazes long
Upon the likeness of the Magdalen —
Or hers, on whom the grass is rank, who turns
So often to the painting on the wall,
The martyrdom of St. Sebastian —
Or hers, within the twilight of a niche,
Whose life went out upon her wedding-day,

On whom each spring has waved the guelder-rose—
Or hers, the fair bride once, but standing there
With countenance so white against the panes,
Who faded with the orange-bloom she wore,
And lies to-night beneath the eglantine!

Lo, up the aisle the bridegroom and the bride
To the high altar walk. And there, as sets
The waning moon, and tolls the midnight bell
Within the ivied tower — the twain are wed.

And closely to his breast he presses her,
In his embrace! Then o'er her features stole
A mortal paleness — while in low, faint tones,
As when a breeze is dying in the pines,
She breathed these words in slow, expiring breath:
"Sweet is thy kiss, and yet thy lips so cold!"

## A REVERY.

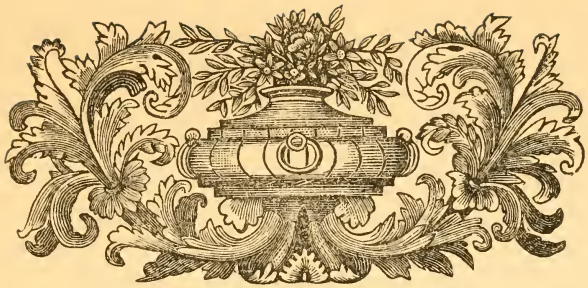
The time, the place, I think, are now so distant,
It was an August eve, as I remember,
And we were sitting on the quiet grass-plot.

So gently o'er us stole the night's slow shadow,
So faint the lamp-light through the casement glimmer'd,
So lightly in our ears the woodbine rustled.

So long we sat and watched the distant lighthouse,
The far-off village and the dusky headland,
So long the river flowing darkly seaward.

So oft the languid night-wind stirred your tresses,
So long our hands were claspt in that still starlight,
So low and earnest were the accents spoken.

So mellow'd is the scene as I recall it,
As when upon a tranquil night in autumn,
The moon on some far field is softly shining!



## TOWARD THE BOURNE.

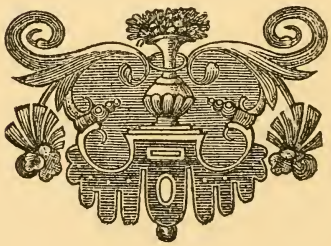
Impalpable, yet visible,
One wandering in the dewy air,
Beside me walkt with gentle mien,
With pensive face and flowing hair.

No word she spoke, but beckoned oft
To one low star whose steady light
Gleamed over fields beyond our ken,
As on we wended in the night.

So long we kept our westward course,
We roamed as in a world of dreams,
In moonlit vales, o'er lengthening plains,
And trod the banks of unknown streams.

Behind us lay the dusky fields
O'er which our feet had fared so far,
But in the west so brightly shone
Upon us still the one low star.

We walkt the strand so chill and drear,
We sailed the low tide lightly o'er,
As rode the boat the silent sea,
And gently dipt the boatman's oar!



## ADELINE.

In the depths of the deep dark wood
There's a hush where the calm winds sleep,
Not a leaf in the thick gloom stirs,
Nor the stars through the thick leaves peer,
Where the wandering moon comes not,
And the sounds of the day fall dead.
All day long sits the hornèd owl
In the depths of the deep dark wood,
But the silence is broken there
By the flap of his wings at night,
When he flies at the midnight hour
From his nook in the old oak tree.
There at mid-day sits Adeline
At the foot of the gnarlèd oak,
In the shade of the forest still
And a plaint through the forest steals:

At yester-eve I pluckt a rose,
(O heart forlorn,)
My lover left me yester-eve,
He did not come at morn.
Alas, for the rose
That left with me the thorn.

Fair sun may rise and set,
(O heart forlorn,)
He will not come to-morrow eve,
He will not come at morn.
So rare was the rose,
But leaves with me the thorn.

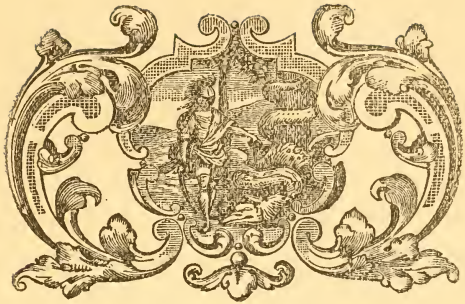
## AFTER THE WRECK.

At the edge of the wind-blown pines,
The fisherman's cottage stands,
Down by the beach,
And the long, straight reach
Of the white sea-sands.

Sits in the cottage one
Gazing far over the main
Toward the quietly setting sun.
And there by the window-pane
Is a child with a sweet, sad face,
That wistfully
Looks out on the rippling sea.

"Not to-night, alas!
He comes not to-night,"
The mother says, with a sigh,
And the fair child weeps,
And the mother gazes over the waves
With tearful eyes at the sunset sky.

But down by the beach
And the long, straight reach
Of the white sea-sands,
To the fisherman's door
Comes the fisherman no more.



## THE TWO WAYS.

'Twas at the parting of the ways we stood,
And goes the by-way there
Across the level lea,
The other by the silent wood.

We parted at the parting of the ways,
That never could for us be one,
And since so far apart our paths have run.
There winds the homeward way,
The other o'er the lea
Forever to the deep blue sea!

## THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

"She will not wake," said one,
"More still her breath at last,
Than low winds husht at eve,
Whose pain, we know, is past."

Fresh stole the early air
Across the summer corn;
The night had brought her rest,
Nepenthe at the morn.

Long has the small house yonder overlook'd
The orchard, where the well-worn pathway runs
To Dawson's mill. And from the wide highway
Which climbs the slope to meet the silent street
A little lane between the hedges leads
To the still cottage. Thence the eye may catch,
Above the orchard and neglected hedge,

A distant prospect of the vale below,
The winding brook that steals between the elms,
And peaceful meadow-lands, or upland farms,
With rustling grain-fields glistening in the sun.

Well, no, the cottage is not far away,
Just up the shady, sleepy lane hard by.
There lives the white-hair'd miller, there has lived,
I'm thinking, now two score of years or more.

And I remember at this hour so well,
The miller's daughter. Pleasant is her face
As I recall it, and the hazel eyes
Are full of tenderness, and fair is yet
The brow. What matters it if she has lain
For years beneath the aspen-tree? The dead live oft
In Memory, and my thoughts are in the Past
To-night.
It was, but it was autumns since,
Upon a Hallowe'en, and in the rites
Yet practiced at that superstitious eve,
'Twas said she saw a lover's handsome face,

A mask, a coffin, and a snow-white stone.
And thinking of the face which she beheld,
Within the mirror of the darkened room,
She laughed. Nor ceased the giddy merriment
Until the bell within the ivied tower
Of yonder church, toll'd forth the midnight hour.

That night like other Hallowe'ens had gone,
And often was recall'd to mind the scene,
Whose rites had once evoked the mystic signs
Of Love and Death.
And in the course of time
The maiden's love was won, to her were pledged
The hand, the faith, the troth of Edward Earl.

The months went by, the seasons passed, a year,
But toward her lukewarm grew his heart. And still
At times, the two would walk the orchard path
In pleasant afternoons, or twilight grey,
Or sometimes loiter in the quiet lane,
Or sit an hour beside the cottage door,
As softly waned the light of setting suns.
October came ere long with mellow days.

He went more seldom to the cottage. Yet
Less frequent. Then, one evening at the gate,
He press'd her hand, and said a calm "good by."
The "good by" coldly fell upon her ear,
And woke a mournful echo in her soul.
So fickle was her lover, it was said.
Nay, nay, but false the heart of Edward Earl.
One night, old Montague, the sexton, sat
Late in the sacristy, I've heard him say,
As through a window shone the summer moon.
And while he gazed upon the headstones near,
He thought how often he had ply'd his spade
And laid the dead to rest hard by. And oft
He thought of them he'd brought to slumber there
Since the wild wintry night he last had rung
The old year out, the new year in.
"So fast
The hour-glass runs," he thought, "the years slide by!
At best life's but a span. And well I know
The travellers reach the self-same goal at last,
Where all roads meet. To-night old Floyd sleeps well,
And sound by yonder locust Roger Rand.
To-night the grass beneath the willow tree
Is green on Nancy Gavin's grave."

The breeze
Stole o'er the sexton's cheek, but scarcely stirr'd
The ivy at the casement. Softly gleam'd
A moment in the west a setting star,
But lower'd o'er Langley's wood a gloomy cloud.
And gazed old Montague upon the scene,
The landscape glimmering in the moonlight pale,
Where vague the valley in the distance lay,
While far along the warm horizon loom'd
The dusky outlines of the silent hills.

And white the headstones in the church-yard gleam!
As in the sacristy the sexton sits
Buried in thought. But in the low church tower
The bell, at length, the hour of midnight tolls,
And wakes him from his revery. The tones
Die on his ear, and faint the lamp burns yet
Upon the table. Did he fancy it,
Or did a face peer on him through the vines,
A woman's face, a woman's figure glide
Among the tombstones, hasten down the path,
And straightway vanish through the church-yard gate?

The grass grows rank by Dawson's pond, and low
The willows o'er its margin lean, but bloom
The honeysuckle and the celandine,
The wild rosemary every summer there.
Dark is its water in the moonless nights,
And silent is the gloomy water-way,
As oft the beetle whirs among the reeds,
Or sometimes when the days are long, the crow
Will sit within the solitary ash
Hard by, or near it in the button-wood,
Half-dead at top, the black-bird watch the sun.

Still is the mill, and still the water-way,
And cool the shadows sleep in Dawson's pond.
They slowly bear her from the water's edge,
The miller's daughter, on the morrow when
Above the willows broke the morning light.
Yes, slowly in the early morning air,
They bear her lifeless up the narrow path
That winds among the ancient orchard trees,
To yonder doorway where the woodbine hides
The miller's cottage. Ah! her grave was deep,
In quiet water.

And beyond the church
They gently laid her, but with many a tear,
A few rods from the church-yard wall. And when
The sexton broke the fresh turf for her grave,
At morn, 'tis said the raven thrice he heard
Above him, in the grey light of the dawn.
Yet blossoms over her the goldenrod,
Each year the daisy. Late in autumn once
I pluck'd an aster from her peaceful mound.

THE END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 861 982 9